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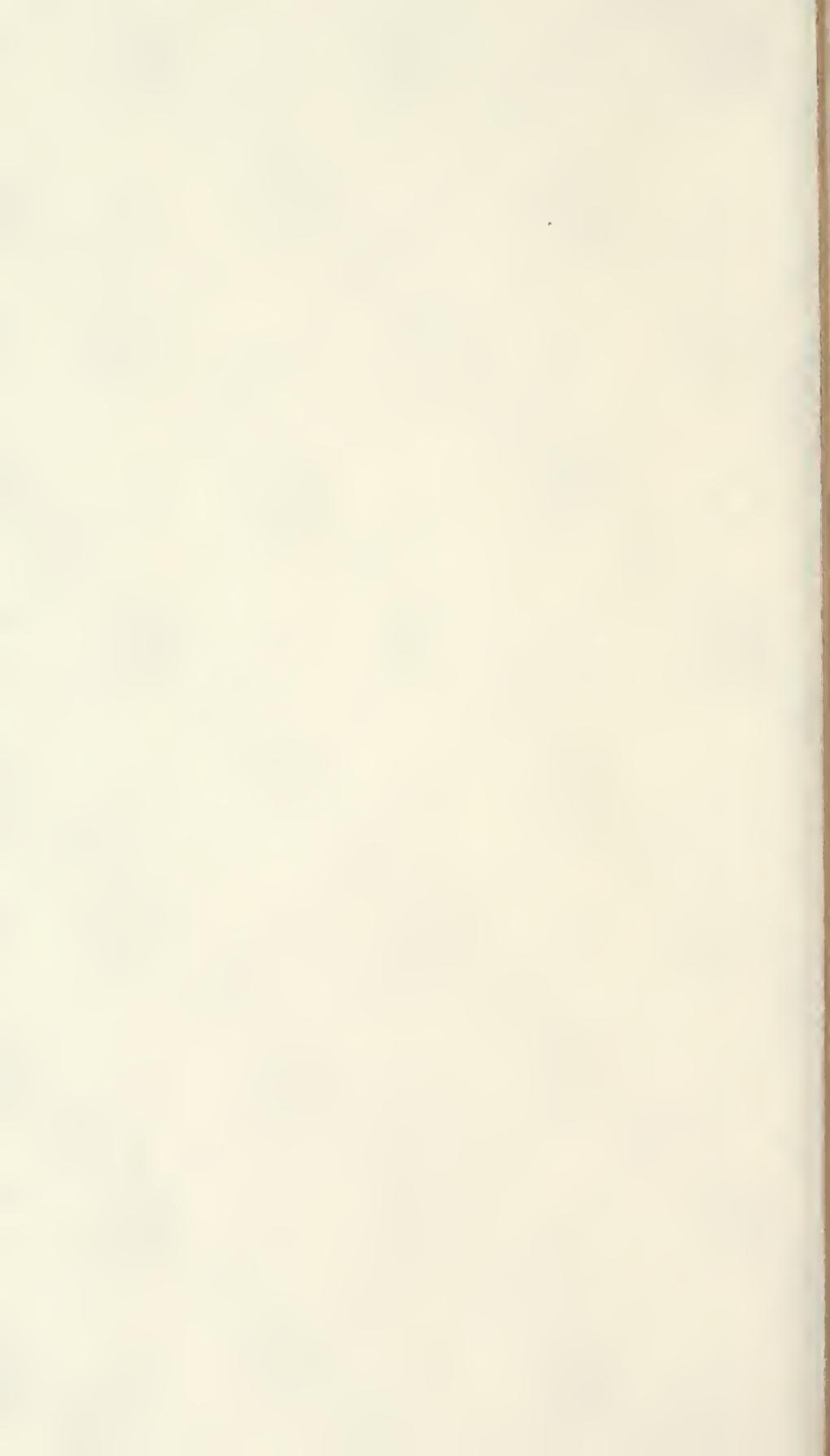


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THE MORTAL AND THE IMMORTAL:
A SERMON,

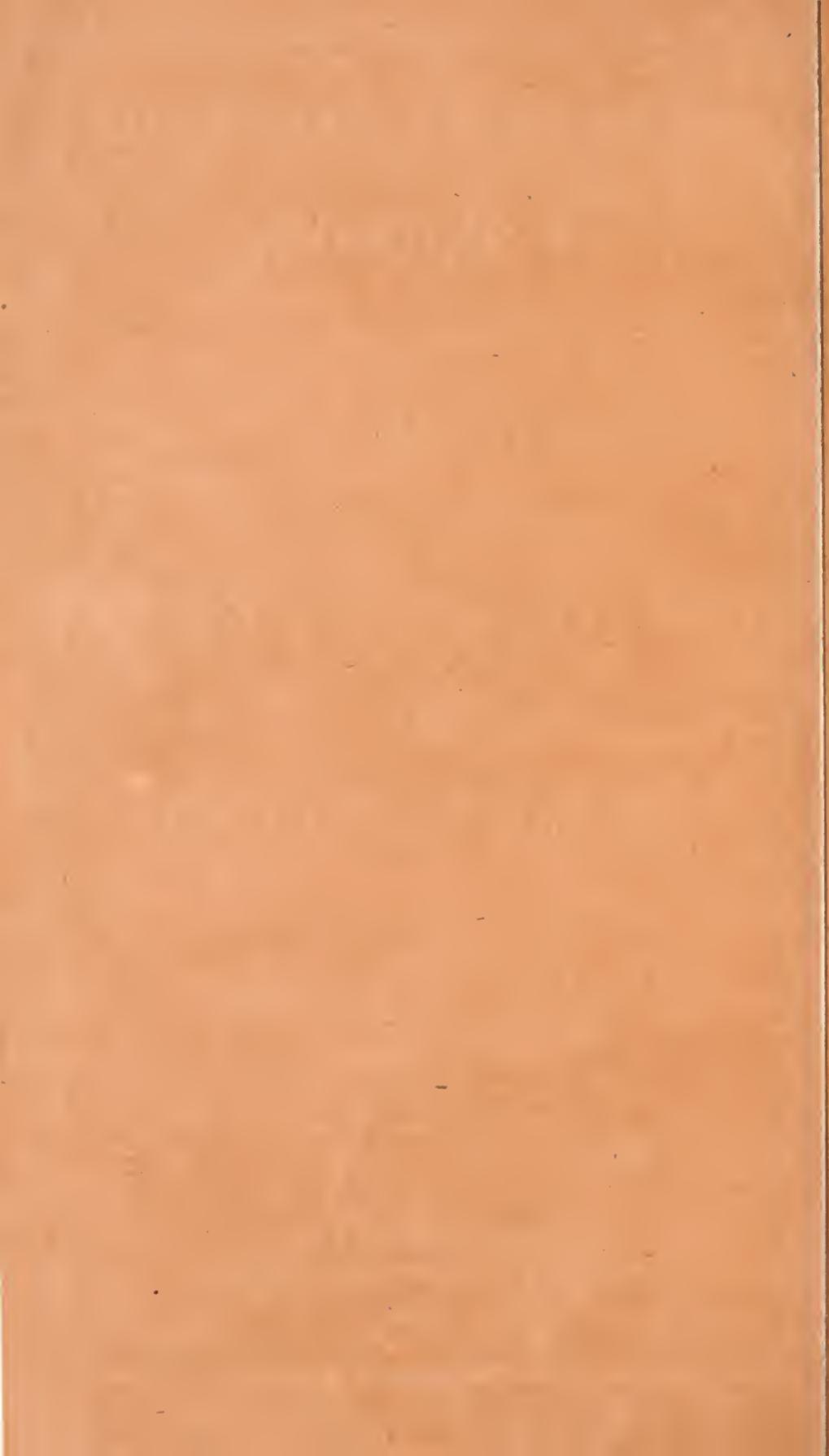
PREACHED IN
ST. JAMES' CHURCH, BATON ROUGE,
IN IMPROVEMENT OF THE

CHARACTER AND DEATH
OF THE
HON. HENRY CLAY,

BY THE
Rev. JOHN S. CHADBOURNE, Rector

NEW ORLEANS:
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE PICAYUNE.

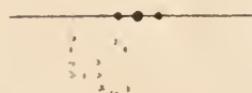
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SERMON ON THE CHARACTER AND DEATH OF HON. HENRY CLAY.

2 Sam. iii., 38....A prince and a great man fallen.

THESE words are a part of the lamentation of David over the death of Abner. Abner, a man of great military talents and experience, has been treacherously slain by Joab; and this too at a time when he had just been instrumental in putting an end to the civil war which followed the elevation of David to the throne. The strong and universal expression of sorrow, therefore, which was called forth at his grave, was perfectly natural and just. The King, we are told, "lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner, and all the people wept. And the King said unto his servants, know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Kindred emotions of sorrow now swell the hearts of the American people. A great man—great in our age—great in our century—great in the world's history—great in virtue—great in intellect—great in everything which can exalt the human character—has fallen. The event was not unexpected, and yet it broke upon us with stunning force.

That burning face extinguished! That thunderous tongue stripped of its electrical fluid! That mighty spirit

driven away from the earth! *That* Nestor form consigned to the dust! How strong, how remorseless, is Death! He has smitten down our old pilot for the storm. He has torn our eagles from the clouds. He has shattered and diminished our mountains. He has robbed our skies of their draperies. He has enriched himself with the spoils of genius, of wisdom, of patriotism, of glory. The winds, the cataracts, the thunders of nature remain, but those of Eloquence are no more!

The King of Terrors has hitherto been painted with a crowd of emaciated diseases following in his train; but you may now paint twenty million impoverished and mourning Freemen in their place. All eyes are turned in sorrow to the grave. Partisan prejudice is dead. It yielded up its breath to Justice long before the Mighty yielded up his to his God.

To speak of the character of the illustrious dead merely for the purpose of eulogy, is no part of my intention. His character needs no eulogy. It is enshrined in the affections of every American heart. It is interwoven in threads of gold and purple, in the gorgeous web of his country's history through the long period of half a century. His monuments, more enduring than brass and marble, tower upon all the hills of our National prosperity and National glory. His public services are emblazoned upon our National banner itself in many of its brightest stars. Freedom will ever love and reverence him. History will be proud of him as one of her favorite sons. The sister Arts, with their chisel, their pencil, their lyre, will delight to do him honor. His name can never die. When the Capitol, which he so long illuminated by his eloquence, and so often preserved by his patriotism, shall have crumbled into ruins and have mingled with the dust, the great dome of his fame will still tower in unbroken strength, and in undiminished splendor over his country and over the world—a thing upon which the sun may look down in his course and learn that he has a rival—a thing to sever the storm of treason—a thing upon which the angel of liberty will stand, whether freemen or serfs shall dwell below, with her stars and stripes all unfurled! I do not, therefore, propose anything by way of eulogy. It would be presumptuous as well as useless; it would be here out of place as well as insipid.

In attempting to unfold his history, character, and destiny, I shall have two or three practical objects in view. I...I would *pay a melancholy debt*, which patriotism owes to the

great public services of the deceased. Patriotism demands our words. "The King lifted up his voice and wept, and all the people wept." Patriotism may know well enough that she can make the laurels of her lamented one no greener, and yet she cannot refrain from bathing them with her tears. She would give expression to her gratitude; she would speak of her loss. It is not only rational and just, but it is also wise and salutary for her to do so; for this is one of the ways by which she keeps the breath of life in her own soul. And the Pulpit, free from partisan sentiment, may ever properly be her agent in this work. What it did of old, it may now do—it may lift up its voice and weep over the great dead. 2.. I would hold up before you a *majestic example for your imitation*. I would take you out before the Alps of character that your souls may be sublimated. I would show you what a resolute and persevering man, though his early years may be overclouded by poverty and obscurity, can achieve for his own immortality, and for the welfare of his race, during the brief period allotted to man upon the earth. I would also show you this great man with all his laurels upon him—himself almost idolised by his country—*upon his knees, broken-hearted and penitent, before his God*. We are told that when a dead body was cast into the tomb in which the bones of the Prophet Elisha were reposing, the body was electrified and restored to life by contact with the bones. The miracle was probably intended, in part, to teach the life-giving power of the *example* which the Prophet had left behind him. Of the examples of the good and great, death cannot rob us. 3.. I would improve the melancholy event before us in *admonishing you of the vanity of life—of the certain end of everything that is mortal*. When the eyes of the whole nation are fixed upon the grave, it seems a seasonable time for the Pulpit to cry to them, in the spirit of Jonah to the slumbering people of Nineveh—"Yet a little while, and darkness and oblivion shall cover you all!"

These several objects may best be accomplished, perhaps, by briefly regarding the illustrious dead from the following points of view: the MAN—the STUDENT—the ORATOR—the PATRIOT—the CHRISTIAN—the CORPSE—the DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

THE MAN. We are first to glance at his social history and character. HENRY CLAY was born April 12, 1777, in Hanover county, Virginia. His father, also a native

of Virginia, was a minister of respectable standing in the Baptist denomination of that State. Both his parents were adorned by those social virtues that seldom fail to secure dignity and happiness in domestic life, and which are the richest legacy that parents can bequeath to their children. His father died when Henry was too young to afterwards have any recollection of his smiles and endearments. He left his wife with seven children to protect, and with scarcely any pecuniary means for their support. The straitened circumstances of the widow obliged her to put her sons to business before they had completed even an ordinary English education. At the age of fourteen years, the future statesman was placed in a store at Richmond. He was not destined, however, to remain long in this situation ; for his step-father (his mother had married again) discovering his uncommon natural talents, became warmly interested in his behalf, and succeeded in obtaining for him a side-clerkship in the office of the Clerk of the High Court of Chancery. Here his mean dress and awkward manners at first excited the ridicule of his companions ; but his brilliant mind and strict attention to his duties soon commanded their respect and admiration. While in this situation, he attracted the notice of Chancellor Wythe—a name almost as great in our jurisprudence as it is upon our Declaration of Independence—who, charmed by his genius and industry, at once extended to him a friendship which he ever afterwards enjoyed. The Chancellor took him nobly by the hand ; he threw open to him his ample library ; he persuaded him to embrace the profession of law ; and was thus instrumental in raising him from obscurity, and in giving him to his country and to the world. In 1797, Mr. Clay was admitted to practise law at the bar of his native State ; and, in the autumn of the same year, he removed to Kentucky to establish himself in his profession. He afterwards referred to his comfortless condition and gloomy prospects at this time, in the following touching language : “I established myself in Lexington, without patrons, without the favor or countenance of the great or opulent, without the means of paying my weekly board, and in the midst of a bar uncommonly distinguished by eminent members.” His talents and industry, however, soon lifted him into plenty and reputation.

To an observing eye, these particulars of his early history are not merely fortuitous and unmeaning events and circum-

stances ; but they are pregnant with the wise designs of Providence. Providence, without interfering with man's free agency, or obviating the necessity of individual effort, makes a great character ; and He has a *way* of making it. In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, this way is through poverty and suffering. God is the author of providence, and the author of nature ; and His laws in both are analogous, and illustrative of each other. Go out upon the mountain, and you will find the nest of the eagle, that "child of the sun," composed of a few naked sticks, and built upon the rock. You will find him a scorner of luxury and down. You will find him rearing his young in a royal poverty, and driving them forth into the storm to strengthen their pinions, as soon as they are fledged. Go out upon the plain, and you will find that the *oak*, whose gnarled trunk is fit for the bulwarks of navies, is an old acquaintance of the tempest. You will find that it began to struggle with the elements when a sapling. So it is also with the eagle or the oak in human character. The character of our Gnarled One is connected with his early history as effect is connected with cause. His youthful struggles developed the germ of greatness in his nature. They fired his ambition ; they aroused his energies ; they hardened his fortitude ; they disciplined his patience ; they kindled his sympathies ; they taught him self-reliance ; they gave him habits of industry which were as necessary to his comfort as was the very air that he breathed. If his will was of iron, it was because its ore had been purged in the furnace. If his perseverance was inflexible and conquerless, it was because it had been "a man of war from his youth." If his affections, domestic and social, were like jewels—vivid, incorruptible and precious, it was because they had been formed in the volcanic region. If his great heart bled over the wrongs and sufferings of the poor, it was because it had itself tasted poverty's bitter cup. If he was ever ready to extend his hand in encouragement and counsel to the unbefriended and aspiring young man, it was because he himself had begun his professional career, in adversity and neglect, and "without the means of paying his weekly board." It is good for a man," says the prophet, "that he bear the yoke in his youth ;" and all experience confirms the truth of revelation.

Decision of character—energy of character—simplicity of character—integrity of character—fearlessness of character—they were his ; and it is such noble traits that

compose the royal diadem upon Manhood's brow, and the lion-robe upon Manhood's shoulders.

That his character, however, had faults, and great faults, must not be denied. But over these we would draw the veil of oblivion. We would bury them in the grave together with that mortality from which they chiefly flowed. If he had been faultless, he would not have been human. His errors, rather than his virtues, unite him with his race. Great allowance, besides, should be made for the infirmities of one, who, at so early an age, was deprived of the holy influences of parental instruction and guidance; who had the peculiar temperament of genius; whose life for the most part was spent amid the smoke and turmoil of political warfare; and who was surrounded by a public opinion so monstrous and so diabolical, that it required the sacrifice of human life as an atonement for an injury or an imaginary insult. No one, I think, regretted his errors more deeply than did the lamented dead himself. Some of them were doubtless inexcusable; but they were all human. And they may remind us, that man, in his best estate, is a mere worm of the dust, and needs to be cleansed in a Saviour's blood. They may exhibit by contrast the holy and majestic character of Him, who, amid sorcer temptations, remained without spot or blemish—his Redeemer and ours.

THE STUDENT. I was next to speak of this great man as a student. Gifted with natural talents of the highest order, he did not suffer them to run to waste or to riot, by neglecting their cultivation; but he early began the work of disciplining and improving them, and began it in earnest. To a log-schoolhouse in his native county, where he obtained the rudiments of an ordinary English education, he was indebted for all the systematic instruction he ever enjoyed. Those Platonic shades of philosophy and science, where the mind is disciplined, polished and stored with knowledge, by a long and methodical course of study and tuition, he was never privileged to enter. The friendship and society of Chancellor Wythe, however, were to him a school in almost every department of learning to which his taste or ambition aspired; though they could not, of course, altogether remove the disadvantages under which he labored. But he made the most of his time and opportunities. He applied himself to the cultivation of his mind, with an enthusiasm which knew no fatigue, and could be discouraged by no difficulties. His duties for the day in the Chan-

cery office discharged, he devoted his nights to reading and reflection. While his fellow clerks went out into gaming houses and frivolous society in search of amusement, he found it at home with his books and his own thoughts. *His* companions were sages and orators and bards. His solitary taper burned deep into the night-watches. His weary brow might often throb with pain, but it must not be impatient for repose ; for it was destined for the laurel, and the laurel must be purchased with a price. What cared he for sleep, except as a means of refreshment ? It might be sweet and luxurious, but it robbed him of his time, and he knew he would have enough of it in his grave. It was by application like this, through a long series of years, that the foundations of his powerful intellect were laid ; that he supplied in a great measure the deficiencies of a scanty education ; and that he was enabled, at last, to so far outstrip other young men of his own age, who had enjoyed all the advantages which wealth and the best literary institutions in our land could furnish—many of them his equals, perhaps, in natural talents.

We are apt to attribute intellectual greatness almost exclusively to natural endowments. We behold the orator in his might—we are amazed at his wonderful powers—our hearts bound, our blood tingles, our lips hold their breath, at his words ; and we are ready to exclaim, “the gods have come down to us in human form !” It is not so. But man rather, by the struggles of severe and patient toil, has been climbing up to the gods. While others have been asleep, he has been awake. While they have been idle and frivolous, he has been industrious and masculine. He has known toil, in comparison to which the bearing of hods or the swinging of sledges is child’s play. By the furnace of Vulcan, in heat and in sweat, has he forged his chains and his bugles. In the camp of Mars, by marchings and counter-marchings, by charges and retreats, by battle and wounds, has he reduced to subjection and order and strength the irresistible army of his mental powers. And without such toil, without such training, there can never be anything beyond the semblance of greatness. The mind by nature is in a state of entire ignorance, and entire rebellion to the will. Genius, though it may accumulate knowledge with more facility than ordinary talent, is nevertheless harder to discipline, from its very eccentricities. The great man before us, whose youth was devoted so earnestly to mental

cultivation, remarks : "I inherited nothing but infancy and ignorance."

THE ORATOR. But if the Muses are thus severe in their exactions, they are ever generous in their rewards.

The character and attributes of Mr. Clay's oratory are too well known to require illustration. Possessing a tall and commanding figure, a sonorous and musical voice, a face that mirrored every emotion of his soul, a strong and lucid logic, a vivid imagination, a pure and copious diction, a mind stored with extensive knowledge, a heart which was the abode of benevolent and sublime sentiments, a power of concentration that buried him in his subject, and a vehemence that set everything in conflagration around him—he has had few, if any, superiors in his noble art.

His eloquence was marvellous. In one of his great efforts, beginning in a soft and subdued manner, broken only by an occasional peal of distant thunder, his discourse would gather darkness and fury, as it rolled upward, till, at length, the whole heavens became overspread, and amid the tumultuous roar of oratory, you would almost imagine yourself to be in a convulsion of the elements—lightning's blazing, winds howling, torrents descending around you. How noble, how god-like does man appear in the exercise of such great powers! Nature, with her seas, her fluids and her sun, can make a thunder-storm; but here was a human mind that could make such a storm! Here was a human mind of which the universe in its riches and giant energies was an emblem.

THE PATRIOT. We come now to behold these great powers of mind devoted to the service of his country.

Cradled in that dreadful struggle for independence, which gave to the world the American Republic, he afterwards did no dishonor to the patriotic period of his birth. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the soundness and expediency of some of the public measures he originated, or advocated, there can be none in relation to the sincerity of his devotion to the honor and welfare of his country. He loved every inch of soil in her broad territory, and with the affection which a son has for his mother. His patriotism was too great to be circumscribed within the narrow bounds of sectional lines. With him there was no North, no South, no East, no West. A purer, a loftier, a more fearless patriot never breathed. Partisan fetters he spurned. The part of the demagogue he could

never play. Meanness in politics he abhorred as much as he did meanness in social life. He was ambitious, and inextinguishably so; but his ambition never corrupted his public virtue. He would "rather be right, than be President." Here is his own definition of public virtue: "That patriotism, which catching its inspiration from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below, all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion and of death itself—*that is public virtue.*" He was in the councils of his country for near half a century. The great measures of State he originated, and which evinced his public spirit, are too numerous to mention. He did more than any other man of his age to extend our commerce, to improve our rivers, to build our factories, and to develope the rich resources of our soil. Fleets, and bridges, and roads, and cities, were his creations. Providence seems to have had a great design of benevolence to our country in keeping him alive until our sectional difficulties were settled. And God he thanked, that those eyes which shed their first tears amid the terrible struggle that brought this Union into existence, were not called upon to shed their last ones upon its shattered and blackened ruins.

I have said that his name would be cherished by posterity. Go forward a hundred years upon the path of our country's destiny. Our ancient forests have all disappeared. Our fertile valleys are all filled with bloom and with harvests. Our vast prairies are covered with flocks. Cities send up their roar of commerce and traffic where solitude now sways her sceptre. The fire-horse bathes his impatient feet in the waves of the Atlantic, and thunders away over his iron track, to cool them in the Pacific. Our population has swollen into the teeming magnificence of a hundred million. They are all freemen. They hold the destiny of the world in their hands. They, themselves, are half the world. And they all repeat the name, and reverence the memory of CLAY. They know that his powerful arm first set in motion a hundred of the mighty industrial wheels that are rolling and clanging around them. And they are familiar with the great measures of pacification by which he saved their glorious Union, when Fanaticism would have torn it to pieces.* Preserving by his wisdom what Washing-

* The insane ravings of Northern abolitionists remind one of Milton's mob of devils, who would rather reign in hell, than serve in heaven.

ton achieved by his sword, he occupies a place almost equal to his in their affections. Go forward another hundred years—and then another—and then another—but when will the names of Demosthenes and Cicero cease to be household words?

"How sleep the great who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod."
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay.
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

THE CHRISTIAN. But let us regard this great man from a yet more interesting point of view. Let us behold his cheek bathed with the tears of penitence for his sins, and his mighty tongue set on fire over the wonders of a Redeemer's love.

For christianity he ever entertained a profound reverence. His was a mind too vast, too luminous and too serious for either scepticism or ridicule—that offspring of ignorance or levity—to find in it a moment's lodgement. He regarded the religion of Jesus not only as being of divine origin, but also as the most ennobling, the most fertilising, and the most comforting blessing ever bestowed upon the human family. He recognised the dealings of an all-wise Providence in the affairs both of individuals and nations. In a speech which he made in the U. S. Senate, during the administration of Gen. Jackson, advocating a resolution to request the President to appoint and recommend a National Fast, on account of that terrible scourge, the Asiatic Cholera, which had extended its ravages to the American continent, and filled the public mind with consternation and dismay, he remarks: "I am a member of no religious sect, and I am not a professor of religion. *I regret that I am not. I wish that I were, and I trust that I shall be.* I have and always have had a profound regard for christianity, the religion of my fathers, and for its rites, its usages and its observances." That this wonderful universe was made in its magnificence by chance, and is governed in its harmonies by accident, he never dreamed. That it is discreditable to a man, though he were covered all over with the world's laurels, to worship his Maker in his sanctuary, he was so simple-minded as never to discover.

It was late in life, however—a procrastination which he afterwards deeply regretted—when, by a public profession of religion, he solemnly dedicated himself to the service of his God, and gave his important testimony, in common with thousands of the earth's great ones before him, of the utter insufficiency of the world, with all its trumpets of fame, and all its employments of patriotism and letters, to cleanse a guilty conscience or satisfy the thirsts of an immortal soul. He was baptised, and admitted into our holy communion, some six or seven years ago, by the Rector of Christ Church, Lexington. Thus was the desire which he had before so publicly expressed in the Senate, to be a member of the church, at length, in God's mercy, fulfilled. He was now numbered with God's people. He had now a spiritual as well as a mental relationship with David, and Solomon, and Isaiah, and Paul. So long a traveller over life's dreary wilderness—so battered by the storm, so scorched by the sun—so weary and so thirsty—he had at last found a shelter in which to repose, and a fountain of pure and unfailing water at which to drink. He had found a glory in prospect, compared with which all the glory of the world is dimness and vanity. I know something of his Christianity from personal observation. I enjoyed, in common with thousands of his countrymen, his acquaintance; I have often preached in the church at which he, when at home, was a constant and punctual attendant; I have met him in the councils of the diocese to which he belonged; and I can bear testimony of his sincere interest in the welfare of our beloved church, and of his most serious and most devout deportment in God's house. A resolution was introduced into the Kentucky Diocesan Convention, some two or three years ago, declaring it to be the duty of the church to make more ample and available provision for the religious instruction of the black population. The resolution had no warmer, as it had no abler, supporter than Mr. Clay. You could see the benevolence of the man and the christian in his whole manner on the occasion.

As Mr. Clay presided at the celebrated debate between Drs. Campbell and Rice, on the subject of Baptism, and had, therefore, a good opportunity to weigh in his powerful mind the argument in favor of immersion, as an exclusive mode of baptism, it may not be amiss to remark, that he received the sacrament by *pouring*, not by immersion, as was erroneously reported at the time.

And how a christian can die !

"The world recedes, it disappears;
 Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings—I mount, I fly;
 O grave, where is thy victory!
 O death, where is thy sting?"

For a person, whose days have been spent in obscurity—who has been trampled upon by poverty and contempt—who has formed few worldly associations, and has few or no friends—to die calmly and submissively, taking a purely philosophical view of the matter, would not seem to require a very great struggle with our instinctive love of life and dread of death. But for this son of glory to unloose his mighty grasp upon human society—to break up political associations of the most thrilling character, running through the long period of fifty years—to leave many of his own great public measures when they were but half-developed in their practical workings—to forsake multitudes of the warmest and most devoted friends that a man ever had—to depart from the scenes of his triumphs and his fame, and depart from them forever—would seem to require a severe and bitter struggle, though the body might be staggering under the weight of years. And yet, for months before the messenger of death arrived, he was even joyfully awaiting his approach ; and he finally bade adieu to the world without a single sigh or a single regret. Such is the power of Christian faith. It can reconcile to the grave the great as well as the obscure—the prosperous as well as the down-trodden—the young as well as the old. But supposing he had never connected himself with the church—supposing he had had nothing about his death-bed to dispel its shades but the *wish* that he were a christian! I thank God that I am not called upon to paint the dark picture. He said he "was going home." Going *home*—they all "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Going *home*—"Our FATHER, who art in heaven."

THE CORPSE. We come now to fix our eyes for a moment, in terror, upon the great man, the outlines of whose earthly history and character we have traced, as a *corpse*. His venerable body, pallid and cold, lying in the rotunda of the capitol, soon to be committed to the dust—the streets of our cities, and our public buildings throughout the land, clad in the emblems of mourning—our national banner lowered upon all our ships and fortifications—minute

guns sending their solemn reverberations over hill and dale—seldom before has death spoken to us in a voice so loud, so awful, and so impressive.

And what is death? It is easy to answer the question in a general way. It is something which destroys human life. Something which mocks at human greatness and human affection, and baffles human skill. Something which has been ravaging the world for six thousand years, and has made the earth we inhabit one vast sepulchre of departed generations. Something that is traveling upon our own path, and will speedily bear us away upon a bourne from which we shall never return. Something whose terrors and remorselessness are looking through the glassy eyes of the emaciated face upon which we are gazing. Something which was sent into the world to scourge man for his sins. This much we may know of it, but no more. We see its effects upon the body, and we are told the moral reason of its existence; but we know nothing of its nature. It is as mysterious as is life itself.

It may seem strange, however, that death should have dominion over the christian. That the Almighty, weary and angry with evil doers, should deliver them up to the King of Terrors, does not seem surprising; but why should He thus scourge His own people—the lovers of His law—the redeemed of His Son? The common answer to this question is, that death to them is a blessing; that it is a tempest which wafts them to the port where they would be. But this answer is not free from objection. For, after we have said all the handsome things in our power about death, it must still be admitted to be in its manner a dreadful scourge. How piercing its pains. How heart-rending the final farewell. How frightful its effects upon the body. God if He thought proper, could open a less gloomy way than this, for His people to pass to their rest. But the mystery will, perhaps, be solved, if we suppose that God in death would keep before the world a perpetual monument of His anger at sin. And the more upright and virtuous the man whom it destroys—the more magnificent his intellect, and the greater the degree of his usefulness to his race, the more awful, of course, the monument. Gather around the bier, then, of our departed great one. See how death has reduced his revered form into ruins and pallors! See how he has silenced this tongue of thunder, and palsied this hand of charity! Follow the corpse to its narrow resting-

place. Behold it imprisoned in darkness and solitude—the food of lizards and worms! O, what a terrible monument of the guilt of the sin with which he was infected when he came into the world.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT. But we are told that when the body goes to the dust from whence it came, the soul returns to God who gave it; and reason as well as revelation teaches the sublime truth.

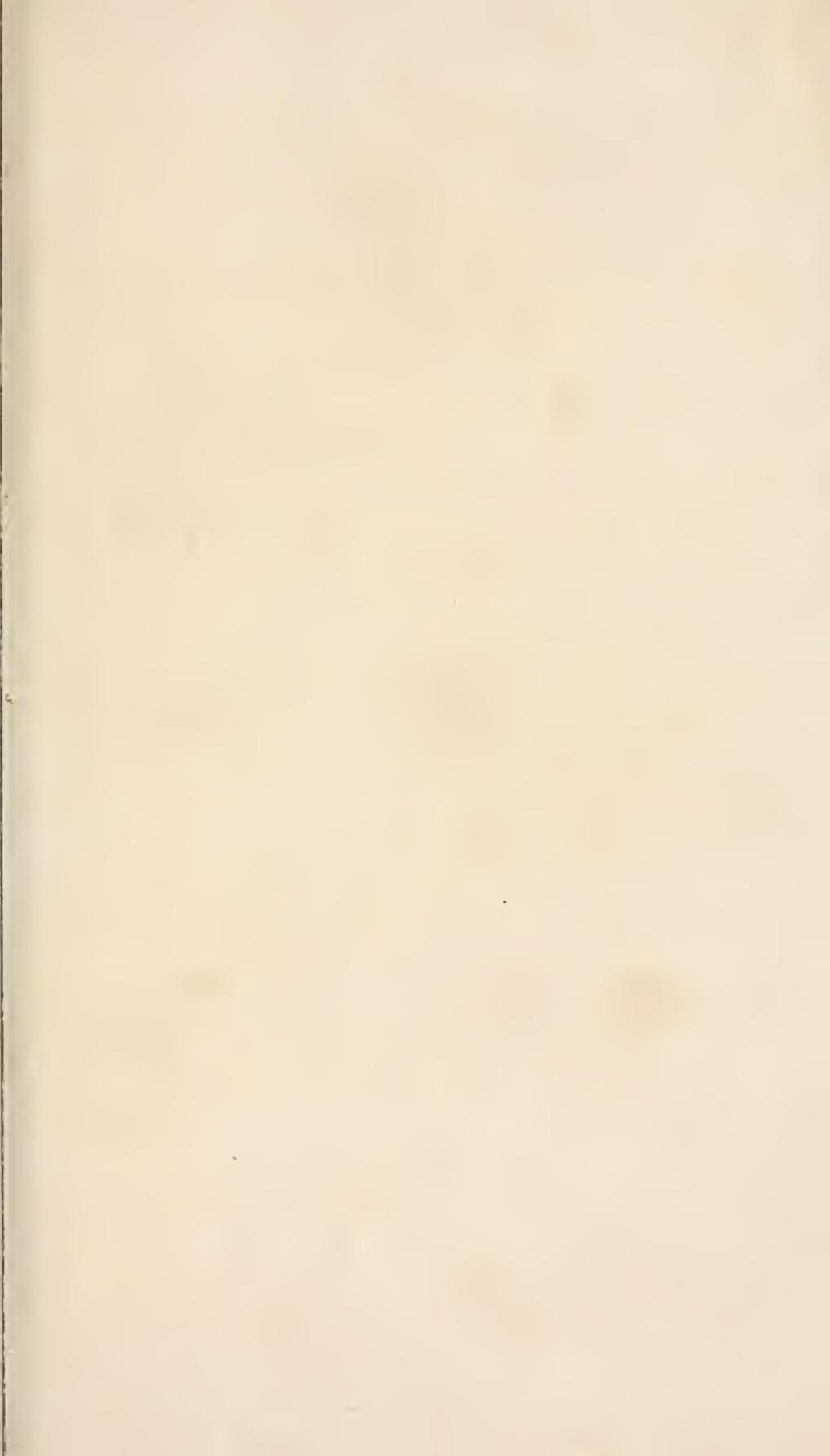
I do not propose to enter into an argument to prove the immortality of the soul. I simply ask if it is possible that any rational person can look upon this corpse, and look down into this grave, and say that this is the last of this mighty being? Are you going to class *him* with the brute and the clod? Is this the melancholy end of such greatness? That marvellous mind, which could stamp its image upon its country and upon the world—which could fill all coming time with its glory, and nourish all posterity with its thoughts and its sentiments—which could set in motion wheels of industry that will continue to roll on for a thousand years, and spread the sails of fleets that will forever whiten the ocean—which could scour the universe on its wings of imagination, and thunder like the heavens themselves in its oratory—is that mind now extinguished? has it gone down to darkness and oblivion? is it the food of the worm? No; in its capacity, its energy, its effects, its desires, its mystery, it had its emblem in eternity, and it therefore belonged to eternity.

“Shade of the mighty!”—but a few days ago, and it was with us. We could hear its words; we could see its smiles, and feel its power. But it is now gone; it has vanished from our sight; it is no more an inhabitant of the earth. In what particular place in the great universe it now dwells; amid what magnificent landscapes it reposes; what additional faculties and powers have been imparted to it; what clouds it makes its chariots; what winds its wings; what sublime amplitudes of space it explores—we know not. But this we do know—“eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those who love him.” This we do know, that the souls of the righteous are satisfied in all their immortal yearnings and aspirations; for “they can hunger no more, they can thirst no more”; and millions of eloquent voices perpetually cry, “Alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!” Here, then, is a *two-fold immor-*

tality--an immortality upon earth, and an immortality in heaven.

THE ELOQUENT PREACHER. The life of such a man should make its proper impression upon us. It is one great voice of eloquence. And I would beg you in conclusion, by way of recapitulation, to listen for a moment to this voice. Let me be silent, and let him speak. His voice, so thrilling while he was living, is now more thrilling than ever. It now borrows its imagery and pathos from death as well as life—from heaven as well as earth. He encourages, he counsels, he warns, he inspires us. He cries to our young men *from the obscure condition in which he was born*: “Be not ashamed of poverty and humble parentage. If your early years are cast amid adversity, you can claim kindred with the most illustrious of the earth. Providence has ordained such a condition to you for your good. It is better to make an obscure name distinguished by your own efforts and virtues, than to disgrace a distinguished one by your imbecility and vices. It is better to be the first of your house than the last of it.” He cries to them from *amid the flickerings of the solitary taper which witnessed his early struggles after knowledge*: “This is the way in which the world’s great ones are made. Be discouraged by no difficulties. Gather up your fragments of time. Waste not a moment. Fools and fops may ridicule you, but they shall yet crouch in conscious imbecility at your feet. Scatter your seed broad-cast upon the generous soil, and patiently await the coming harvest.” He cries to them from *amid his great efforts of oratory*: “Man inheriting nothing but infancy and ignorance, can make himself powerful and sublime. He can grasp the trident of Neptune to sway the tumultuous passions of his race. If I had been idle and frivolous, like my fellow clerks, my name would have gone down with theirs into oblivion. Of what value are *your moments!* A moment is a thunderbolt! A moment is a sun!” He cries to our statesmen from *amid the affections of his country, and the halo of his fame*: “This is the noble reward of patriotism. Love your country; labor for her welfare; cherish her institutions; defend her union; and she shall wrap her own bespangled banner around you; she shall clothe herself in mourning at your departure; and she shall be thronged by a myriad posterity, who shall reverence your name, and rehearse your acts forever.” He cries to us all from *beside the font at which he kneeled*

for baptism: “I have long sought happiness in the world, and have never found it. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. I have had no comfort in my afflictions. I consider it the duty of man to worship and obey the glorious Being who is his creator and preserver. I am ready to take up the cross. I feel my need of pardon and moral cleansing. I trust in Jesus Christ as my saviour. I pray that his divine Spirit may renovate and purify me.” He cries to us *from his bed of death*. As his lips grow white—as his eyes grow dim, he turns to us and cries: “See how a christian can die! I bid adieu to the world—I consign my body to the dust, without a single regret. If I were an unpardoned sinner, how miserable would be my condition! My soul would shudder over its doom. My bones would tremble; my flesh would be pierced with fire. It is a tremendous thing to die!” He cries to us *from the grave*: “All flesh is grass. Come near, ye who are great, as well as ye who are obscure—kings and warriors, orators and bards—come near, and look upon my ghastly face, that ye may learn your own certain doom. My eyes are sightless! My arms are motionless! I am imprisoned in darkness! The worm revels over me! I once was alive, and saw the sun like you. Death may long delay his coming, but when he does come, he will know how to strangle his victim.” He cries to us from *amid his glory in the skies*. With his own burning face he looks down upon us in pity as we grovel in care and perplexity, and cries—“IMMORTAL BEINGS! lift up your eyes to these clouds and rainbows! *Here* is a destiny worthy of your noble faculties, and worthy of your highest ambition to attain!”



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